

The



TATTLER

& BYSTANDER

JULY 10, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MISS SARAH
CLIFFORD-TURNER

A man— his hobby—and a very personal cigarette...

An actor for 47 years, and for most of them a star—that's Ernest Thesiger. If you've been lucky enough to see one of his many plays or films, you'll have admired the originality which he brings to every part he plays.

Ernest Thesiger is a painter too, yet he finds time to add to his many collections; loveliest of all, perhaps, the vases, jugs, goblets and candlesticks in silver glass lustre which glow with colour in his London flat.

Only an original man could have such widely differing interests. Ernest Thesiger shows individuality, too, in his choice of a cigarette that is oval in shape, though of Virginian flavour, larger than most and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—in their uncompromisingly pink box.



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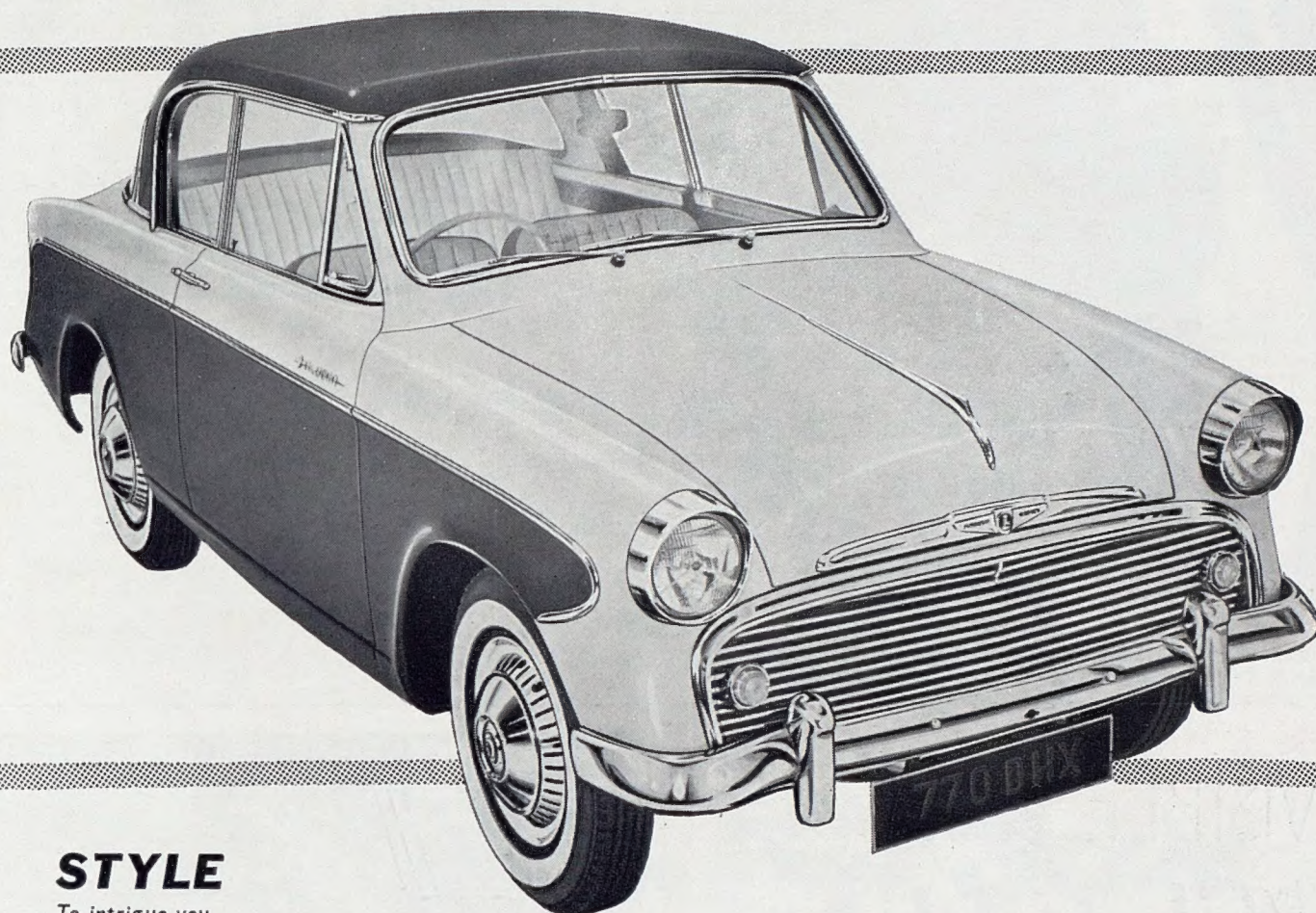
MADE BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Ernest Thesiger's colourful collection of silver glass lustre results from many theatrical journeys, at home and abroad. Some of the pieces in his collection are of foreign origin, but the majority, and those he values most, were made in England for the Great Exhibition of 1851 and bear the seal "Varnish London" to prove it. It is the collection of a highly original man, one whose individuality shows itself in many ways. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'll say, "Rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll pass you his unmistakable pink box of "Passing Clouds."



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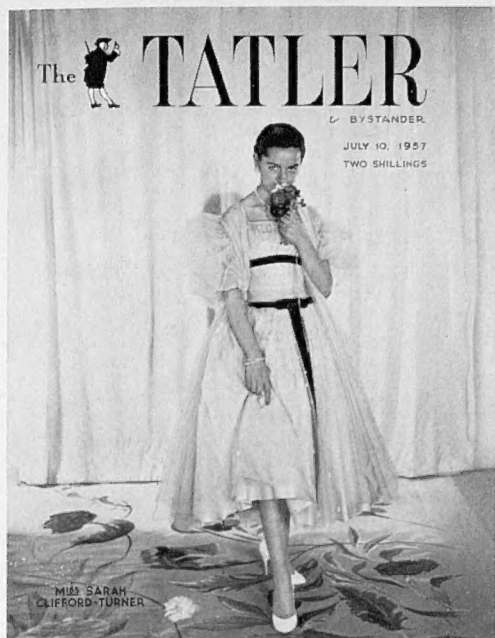
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PITTARDS OF YEOVIL



MISS SARAH CLIFFORD-TURNER is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner, of The Cottage, one of the oldest houses in London, in Hobart Place, S.W.1. After returning from Switzerland early this year, she attended a Presentation party in April; she is to have a coming-out dance in the autumn. Her elder sister, formerly Miss Susan Clifford-Turner, and now Mrs. Robin Stormonth-Darling, was one of the most strikingly attractive débutantes of 1955. Cover photograph by Yevonde

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 10 to July 17

July 10 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend the Great Yorkshire Show at Harrogate and visit the York Mystery Plays and Festival of the Arts at York.

Cricket: Ireland v. West Indies (to 12th; 10th and 11th in Belfast, 12th in Dublin).

Polo at Cowdray.

Flower and Garden party, Marlborough House, 11 a.m.—8 p.m. (two days).

Dances: Countess Manassei for Miss Sandra Manassei at 48 Hyde Park Gate; Mrs. Nigel Dugdale (cocktail dance) for Miss Antonia Dugdale and Miss Clare Charrington in London.

Racing at Salisbury, Pontefract, Yarmouth and Edinburgh.

July 11 (Thu.) Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music (to 19th), at Cheltenham.

Dances: Lady (Eric) Bowater for Miss Sarah Bowater, at Dene Place, West Horsley, Sussex; Miss Corisande Soames (cocktail dance) for Miss Ruth Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, in London.

Racing at Salisbury, Pontefract and Yarmouth.

July 12 (Fri.) Cricket: Eton v. Harrow at Lord's (two days).

National Air Races Meeting (two days), Coventry Civic Aerodrome.

Athletics: A.A.A. Championships (two days), at the White City.

Dances: The Duchess of Bedford and Countess Cadogan for Miss Lorna Lyle and Lady Daphne Cadogan, at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire; Mrs. Michael Pleydell-Bouverie for Miss Joanna Mellon, at Oakfield Lodge, Westhumble, Dorking. Eton Beagles Ball at the Dorchester; the Hurlingham Ball at the Hurlingham Club.

Racing at Sandown Park, Manchester, Newcastle and Hamilton Park.

July 13 (Sat.) Cricket: Hampshire v. West Indies (and 15th, 16th), at Southampton.

King's Cup Air Race, Coventry Civic Aerodrome. **Polo:** Final of Midhurst Town Cup, at Cowdray. **Dance:** Mrs. Gilbert Darwin (small dance) for Miss Griselda Darwin, at Marsett House, Southwell, Notts.

Racing at Sandown Park (Eclipse Stakes), Manchester, Newcastle and Hamilton Park.

July 14 (Sun.) Polo: Final Cowdray Gold Cup at Cowdray.

Cricket: Eton Ramblers v. Harrow Wanderers at Hurlingham.

July 15 (Mon.) Cricket: Greenjackets Cricket Week (and 20th), at Winchester.

Golf: North of Ireland Amateur Open Championship (to 18th), Royal Portrush, Co. Antrim; Scottish Amateur Championship (to 20th), Royal Aberdeen, Aberdeen.

Dance: Mrs. John Maxwell and Mrs. Colin McMullen for Miss Margot Maxwell and Miss Heather McMullen at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Birmingham, Ayr and Lewes.

July 16 (Tue.) Children's Aid Society Dancing Matinée at the Scala Theatre.

First night: Odd Man In at the St. Martin's Theatre.

Dance: Mrs. Edmond Mockler and Mrs. Marwood Yeatman for Miss Jacqueline Mockler and Miss Patricia Blagden, at Battle House, Goring, Oxon.

Racing at Newmarket (Second July Meeting), and Ayr.

July 17 (Wed.) Cricket: Gentlemen v. Players (to 19th), at Lord's; Somerset v. West Indies (to 19th), at Taunton.

Dance: Mrs. Paul Bareau and Mrs. Kenneth Barnard for Miss Suzanne Bareau and Miss Caroline McAndrew, at 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing at Newmarket, Ripon, Bath, Lanark and Lisburn.

First night: Oh My Papa at the Garrick Theatre.

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DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by Alec 'A' Waugh

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Yevonde

Bride of a midsummer marriage

MISS JENNIFER CUNNINGHAM, only daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. Maxwell Cunningham, of The Manor House, Biddestone, Wiltshire, was married to Mr. Robie Uniacke, only son of the late Lt.-Col. R. D. W. Uniacke, and of Mrs. Uniacke, of Camberley, Surrey; Mr. Uniacke

is serving with the Irish Guards. At the wedding, which took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, the bride was attended by four grown-up bridesmaids and a small bridesmaid and page. The reception was held at the Dorchester, where this photograph was taken



A DANCE IN A MEDIEVAL MANOR

MRS. JOHN LADE gave a dance for her debutante daughter, Miss Moya Lade, at Yaldham Manor, Kemsing, Kent; debutantes and their escorts danced in the beautiful twelfth-century hall of the Manor (right). Above: Miss Moya Lade in conversation with one of her guests, Mr. Michael Burges



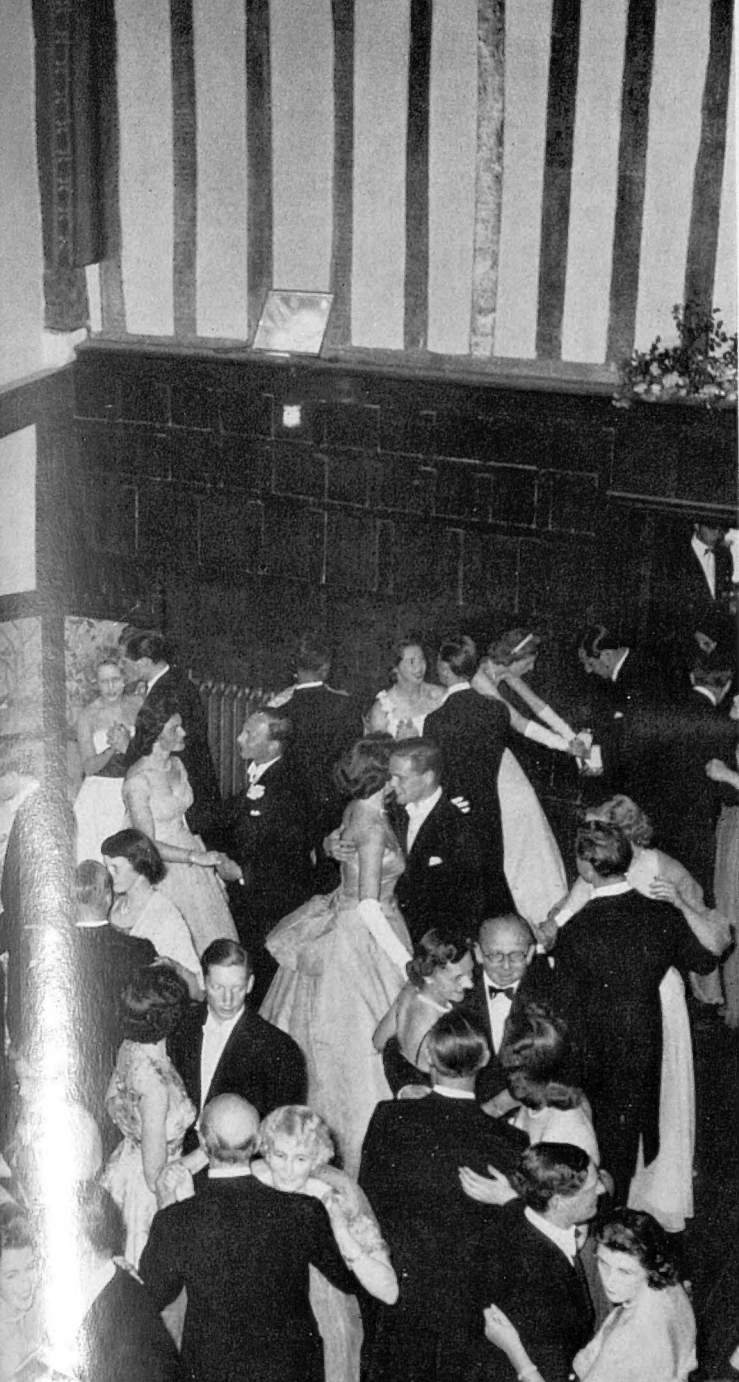
Miss Lindel Canning and Mr. Paul Shanks



Miss Phillada Nunneley and Mr. Donn Casey



Mr. Antony Betts, Miss Ulla Lunddahl and Mr. Eric J. Nielson



*Mr. David Needham and Miss Caroline Willcox
talking beside one of the refreshment stalls*



*Miss Zerelda Chapman and Mr. Christopher
Platt at the ice-cream stall*



*Mr. Robert Godsall and Miss Annabel Ley in the
rose-garden*

Van Hallan

A LONDON BAPTISM

MRS. LESLIE DEW is seen with her three-month-old son who was christened Robert Henry at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington, recently; his beautiful christening robe was specially made for him by nuns in Paris. The Dews have a Kensington house



Betty Su

Social Journal

Jennifer

A BANQUET AT WINDSOR CASTLE



Betty Su

MISS JUDY MARSHALL is the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Marshall, of Horseheath Lodge, Linton, Cambridgeshire; she shared a coming-out dance in the spring

THE most important party for some time was the banquet given by the Queen and Prince Philip in honour of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers. This took place in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, one of the largest state rooms in the Castle. The gold plate, used only on special state occasions, was in use and lovely flowers from the Royal gardens at Windsor were beautifully arranged. The Queen, a youthful yet regal figure among her learned statesmen, wore the brilliant blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter across her beaded and embroidered satin evening dress, and her fine emerald and diamond tiara and necklace to match. Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent were present, too.

Guests besides the Commonwealth Prime Ministers and their wives included among others the Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Earl and Countess of Home, Mr. "Rab" Butler, Mr. Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Viscount and Viscountess Alexander of Hillsborough and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE PHILIP was present at a reception given by Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India, at her official residence in Kensington Palace Gardens. This party was in honour of the Indian polo team over here this summer, who have been playing very successfully at Cowdray and Windsor. They are the Maharajah of Jaipur, who captains the team, Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, Kunwar Bijar Singh, Capt. Kishen Singh and Col. Prem Singh. The latter is playing instead of the Maharajah of Jaipur in the Cowdray Gold Cup, as the Maharajah's foot, which he injured in a practice game, has not yet fully recovered.

Prince Philip was meeting many friends and stayed on until quite late at the party. His uncle, Earl Mountbatten, another keen polo enthusiast, was there with Lady Mountbatten, who was looking cool and attractive. I met the Princess of Berar, Sir Harold and Lady Wernher (Sir Harold had his own Someries House polo team before the war), Mme. Chauvel and Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale talking to S/Ldr. Henry Chinnery, in attendance on Prince Philip. Brig. Sale, as Crown Equerry, has been having a busy time with ceremonial parades and Royal Ascot, for which he had the Royal carriage horses looking a picture. Also at the reception were the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Mr. and Mrs. Robert de Pass, Colonel and Mrs. Gerard Leigh and Mr. and Mrs.

Geoffrey Cross (he is honorary secretary of the Household Brigade Polo Club), the Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, just arrived for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, who looked in briefly on his way from the airport, the Spanish Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador and Senora Candiotti, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rex Benson, Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gerald Critchley, Countess Jellicoe in blue, having a long talk to Mrs. Pandit, who wore an exquisite white sari and was a most charming hostess, Major John Board, and Mrs. Guy Mansell who is among the women who play polo at Cowdray.

★ ★ ★

BLUE delphiniums and white flowers decorated the ballroom at the Hyde Park Hotel for the very enjoyable dance which Mrs. Nigel Capel-Cure and Mrs. Hubert Barry gave for their débutante daughters, Miss Virginia Capel-Cure and Miss Rosemary Barry. The two girls looked cool and charming on this very warm evening, both wearing blue dresses. All the long windows, both on to Knightsbridge and overlooking Hyde Park, were thrown open, and between dances many guests went out on the balcony, which was lit by large Japanese lanterns, or strolled on the little stretch of lawn below.

Among the large number of dinner hosts and hostesses for the dance were Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Sir John Ruggles-Brise, the Countess of Mexborough, Viscountess Ashbrook, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, the Hon. Mrs. James Philipps, the Hon. Lady Stockdale, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, whose daughter Sarah I saw dancing all the time, Lady Katherine Nicholson, Mrs. Arthur Proctor, Mrs. Kevill-Davies, and the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay. The latter is giving a dance in Edinburgh on September 23 for her second daughter Miss Jane Lindsay, who was at this dance wearing a white satin dress with touches of pale blue. Other young people dancing included Lady Sarah and Lady Daphne Cadogan, Miss Lavinia Hugonin, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Miss Daphne Philipps, Miss Elizabeth Cartwright and Miss Amber Leslie.

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EVERYONE looked forward to the garden party which Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale and her daughter Mrs. Gerald Legge had planned at the McCorquodales' charming home Camfield Place, near Hatfield, so it was very disappointing when it turned out a bitterly cold afternoon. Undaunted, these two vivacious and energetic hostesses quickly changed it to an indoor party. Tea was served in the large, spacious dining-room, and when that got a little congested, guests moved across to the parquet floored baronial hall, the morning-room and the drawing-room, where French windows looked out over the garden which is reputed to have been the setting for Mr. McGregor, Peter Rabbit, Benjamin Bunny, Jeremy Fisher, and Squirrel Nutkin in Beatrix Potter's famous children's books. The rugs had been thrown back in the hall where musicians were playing, and soon the young guests and several of the older ones were dancing gaily.



Betty Swaabe

MISS AUDREY CORY DUNCAN, noted for her paintings of flowers and still lifes in the manner of Dutch and Flemish masters, came to England from her Paris home for the opening of an exhibition of her work at the Trafford Gallery



Betty Swaabe

MISS ELISABETH WALKER, the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Walker, of Alcester, Warwickshire, is a very keen skier, and her coming-out dance is to be held at the Ski Club of Great Britain, Eaton Square, in October this year

Several hundred friends came to the party, including many from London as well as neighbours in the district. Among them were members of both Houses of Parliament, the Diplomatic Corps, the literary and artistic world, the stage and screen, the social world, keen farming and gardening enthusiasts, and young friends of Mr. and Mrs. McCorquodales' elder son Ian who is up at Cambridge. Both Mr. Hugh McCorquodale and Mr. Gerald Legge were there to help entertain their friends.

★ ★ ★

A GALAXY of stars attended the première of the film *The Prince And The Showgirl*, a screenplay by Terence Rattigan, produced and directed by Sir Laurence Olivier, who also stars in the film with the glamorous Marilyn Monroe. The première was in aid of the Actors Orphanage and the Variety Club Heart fund for under-privileged children. Sir Laurence Olivier made a brief speech from the stage before the film. Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) was in the audience, also recently knighted Donald Wolfit, Noël Coward, Ann Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bartley (Deborah Kerr), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Attenborough (Sheila Sim) and Maureen Swanson.

It is a very light and fluffy story around the time of the Coronation in 1911, most beautifully produced. I have seldom heard a cinema audience applaud an actress as they did Marilyn Monroe when at one moment in the film she does a fade-out backwards down the long hall of an Embassy.

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I WENT in for a short while around midnight to the Cygnets' Ball at Claridge's, which was going with a tremendous swing. Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony runs the Cygnets in Queen's Gate, where young ladies who have left school can gain polish, poise and much practical knowledge of subjects varying from politics to painting. At the ball, which was attended by many Cygnets past and present, and their friends, who danced happily all through the evening, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony received the guests with Miss Sally Heyman, a former Cygnet, and Miss Zerelda Chapman who is head girl this term. The latter had helped to run this year's ball very efficiently with the aid of Miss Sally Anne Milner. Zerelda told me she is having her own coming-out dance at her home in Sussex this month.

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MR. ANTONY ARMSTRONG JONES shows us once again at his current exhibition "Photocall," at Kingsway House until July 13, that he is a young man of tremendous talent. He already compares favourably with such well-known names in this sphere as Cecil Beaton and the late Baron. Perhaps his work, although as talented, is already even more varied, as his pictures of children are enchanting and so are his portraits of older men, such as the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and the great portrait painter Signor Pietro Annigoni.

[Continued overleaf]



DOCKLAND BALL

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET was the Guest of Honour at the Dockland Settlements Ball at the Savoy; dancing took place in the main ballroom and in the River Room. Above: The Princess dancing with Col. W. H. Gerard-Leigh

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

DURING a busy evening I went to a delightful cocktail party given by the Dowager Lady Swaythling in her charming Kensington Court house. Lady Swaythling, who is such a gracious and gay hostess, always has interesting friends at her parties. Among those there that evening were Countess Mountbatten of Burma, Sir Robert Craigie, a former British Ambassador in Tokyo, and his son Bobbie, the Danish Ambassador and Mme. de Steensen-Leth, Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, and Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, the Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore and Baroness Ravensdale. Lady Swaythling's grandsons, the Hon. David Montagu and his attractive French-born wife, and the Hon. Anthony Montagu were talking to Lord Savile, whose mother Lady Savile was there, also his sister the Hon. Mrs. Kent Parrot who was on a short visit from the Hague. I also met the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnstone, Mrs. Jessica de Pass and her mother Mrs. de Sola, and Mr. Anthony Gishford.

From here I went on to the Berkeley Hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Allan Miller of Solebury, Pennsylvania, were also having a delightful cocktail party. They were off a few days later with their young daughter Anne to spend two months in Italy, Germany and France, including Deauville where Mr. Miller hopes to run some of the horses he has in training in France. Among friends I met here who were delighted to have a chance of seeing their host and hostess were Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, her son-in-law and daughter the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, Lady Napier, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Sir William Mabane, Mr. Rennie Hoare and the great heart specialist Mr. Cotton.

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READERS who are interested in flowers and plants and antique furniture should make a point of going to Marlborough House between 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. today or tomorrow. Here, in the gardens of the late Queen Mary's former regal residence, there is to be a Flower Fair and Garden Party to raise funds for that magnificent organization the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation, which does so much really practical work to solve the dire problems of many cancer sufferers. There will be demonstrations of flower arrangements by skilled demonstrators, exhibitions and international gardens, among the exhibitors being the Crown Estate Commissioners, Windsor Great Park and R.H.S. Gardens, Wisley. Specialists will also be present to answer gardening questions, and there will be stalls of flowers, antiques, lace, lingerie, baskets, flower containers, vegetable and fruit, and many more. There will also be a dancing display by Miss Dorice Stainer's pupils. The Duchess of Gloucester has promised to attend.

Among those who have helped to make this a great success are Lady Astor of Hever, President, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, chairman, Lady Heald the very active vice-chairman, her daughter Miss Elizabeth Heald, chairman of the junior committee, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Patron of the Flower Fair, Mr. and Mrs. H. Freedman, Lord Amherst of Hackney, the hon. treasurer, and Mrs. John McIndoe who is running the tombola. All those I have mentioned were at the final committee meeting where Lady Astor and Mrs. Freedman received the guests as well as the Earl of Lanesborough, Lady Shawcross, Lady Biddulph, the Dowager Lady Ebbisham, Lady Brabazon of Tara, Sir Nigel and Lady Colman, Lady Osborn, Mrs. Leonard Simpson, and the Countess of Suffolk.

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TOMORROW, July 11, Deborah Kerr will open the annual garden party at The Holme, Regent's Park, in aid of the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies. Ronald Shiner, Googie Withers, John McCallum, Margaretta Scott, Robinson Cleaver and Bob Harvey will all be there to help Lady Irene Astor, who always runs this party so well, to raise a good sum for these poor blind children.



The Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Erskine at the hoop-la stall



Miss Belinda Suchanek and Mr. R. Armstrong Jones, Q.C.



The Hon. Iris Peake and Col. W. H. Gerard-Leigh

MR. DAVID WEBSTER, General Administrator of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, presided at a small informal meeting held one morning in the Crush Bar of the Opera House. This was to give news of the European première of the film of the best-selling novel *Island In The Sun*, which will take place at the Carlton Theatre on July 25, the proceeds being devoted to the Royal Ballet School. Princess Margaret, President of the Royal Ballet, secured the première of the film, and is to attend it, when it is hoped to raise at least £5,000.

The Royal Ballet School is carried on firstly at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where 150 juniors are being trained. A hundred of these are boarders and fifty day students. Then there is Colet Gardens where 125 students at a time, between 16 and 19 are trained. Many of these eventually enter the Royal *corps de ballet*, the Opera Ballet Group, or join other ballet companies. They pay reasonable fees for their education, but this cannot cover the overheads.

The Arts Council contributed a good sum to putting the buildings in repair and equipping them, and the Crown Commissioners and the Ministry of Works have promised sums in view of improvements on White Lodge, together with work done to dry rot. Now £25,000 is badly needed for further expenditure on the buildings, to provide the facilities required to maintain and raise the high standards of the Royal Ballet, so, balletomanes, do please support this première on July 25, and help to reach this target. Tickets may be obtained from George Martin, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester is Patron, and Viscount Knutsford President of the Eton Beagles Ball which is to be held at the Dorchester next Friday, July 12. This ball, which takes place on the first evening of the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, is always essentially a young people's affair, and therefore bright and gay. The young chairman this year is Mr. Christopher Haworth-Booth, who is Master of the Eton Beagles; he has worked hard for the success of the evening and tells me that besides a good band and a really good dinner, they are hoping to have a really first rate cabaret. Tickets for the ball may be had from Miss Patricia Brewster, 47 Pont Street, S.W.1.

For the first time that very live organization, the Bar Lawn Tennis Society, are playing a match against members of the U.S.A. Bar at Wimbledon on July 27. The Society has in the past played matches against France, Italy, Germany, Sweden and Belgium, but never America, so this will be a very special occasion. A group of Anglo-American attorneys are kindly presenting a cup which it is hoped will become a challenge cup for similar subsequent matches. Mr. Stuart Pearl has been the prime mover in this effort.

Membership of this Society, for which Lord Dunboyne, the honorary secretary, has done so much since its inauguration, is open to any member of the English Bench or Bar, any Bar student of any Inn of Court in London, and any lady closely related to an ordinary or Student Member.

* * *

How nice it was to see a theatre audience all in evening dress! The occasion was the special performance of *Free As Air*, at the Savoy Theatre, given in aid of the new nurses' home for King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers (Sister Agnes). Sir Harold Wernher is chairman of this fine hospital, which is so efficiently run for commissioned officers of the three Services, serving or retired, at the lowest possible cost. The hospital, which is a good modern building, mainly for surgical and medical cases, has been disclaimed by the Ministry of Health, and therefore is entirely dependent on voluntary support. Donations and subscriptions are most urgently needed and gratefully received by the Honorary Appeal Secretary, 15 Ormond Yard, Duke of York Street, W.1.

In the audience at the special performance were Princess Alexandra, who sat in the front

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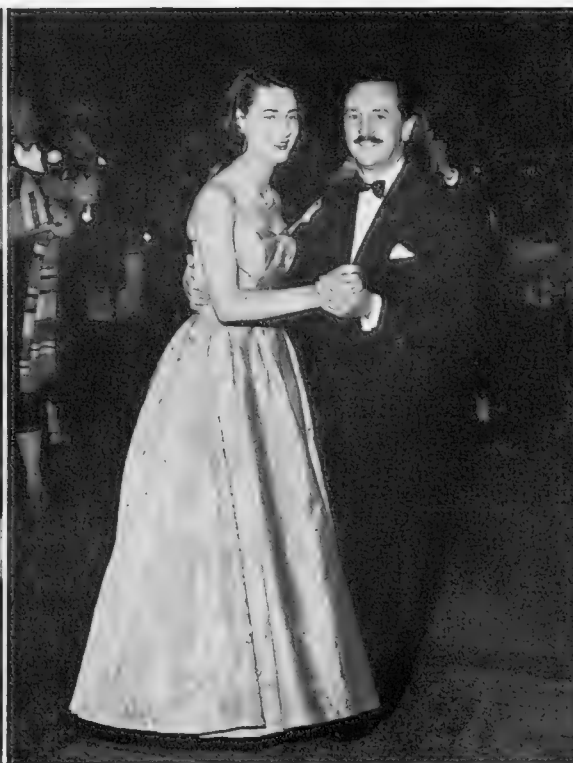
Mr. Rodney Golance and Miss Caroline Bibby in the River Room



Miss Joan Lawton in conversation with Mr. J. Grafftey-Smith



Miss Henrietta Tiarks dancing with Mr. George Rivas



Miss Judy Jefferson and Mr. Raymond Grumbar



Miss Patricia Redford, Lady (Gerald) Hargreaves, Mr. W. Redford



Diana Frew, Mercedes Aldama and Felicity Gillyatt all come from abroad



Geraldine Mills, Patricia Warren and Caroline Beasley in the garden

AT LAWN SIDE

GIRLS at Lawnside, the well-known school near Malvern, presented a dramatized version of Sir Edward Elgar's "Wand Of Youth" recently



Zoe Millin, Pollyann Hely-Hutchinson and Victoria King on the lawn



Miriam Everard, Linda Crammond and Alice Stavropoulos from Athens

P. C. Palmer

row of the dress circle, Sir Harold and Lady Wernher, Lady Osborn, chairman of the Ladies' Guild of the hospital, Sir Danvers Osborn, Lady Birdwood, Sir Horace and Lady Evans who brought a party, Lady McIndoe, whose husband the brilliant plastic surgeon is recovering from an operation, Lady Porritt, Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, Col. and Mrs. Rex Benson, Lady Mitchell, Lord Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, the Hon. Mrs. Parshal, Col. and Mrs. John Courage, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Mullens, Sir Terence Nugent, Sir Eric Mieville escorting the Hon. Mrs. Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. David Wentworth Stanley, and that great personality of this hospital "the Mate," otherwise Sir Jameson Adams, the hard-working secretary.

From here I went on to Claridge's, once again the setting for a débutante dance. This time it was given by Mrs. Gerald Critchley and Mrs. Arthur Lockhart for their daughters Miss Belinda Loyd and Miss Caroline Lockhart, who have both been having a very successful season. Lovely flowers were arranged in the reception rooms as well as in the ballroom where the lighting had a blue haze and was kept rather low. Among the large number of young people dancing I saw the Hon. Clare Dixon, looking very pretty in red organza, Miss Jennifer Harrap, Miss Anne Brotherton in her usual happy mood, Miss Glenna Critchley, Mr. Lionel Stopville-Sackville, Miss Fiona Sheffield pretty in white, Miss Henrietta Tiarks, Mr. George Rivas, Miss Jennifer Cooper, the Earl of Brecknock, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, Mr. Peter Holmes, Mr. Richard Wilbraham, and Miss Marina and Miss Tessa Kennedy.

Dinner party hostesses included the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. Percy Legard, Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith, Mrs. Eileen Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. Derek Winn, and Mrs. Tom Fairhurst whom I saw dancing with Lt.-Col. Cyril Heber-Percy.

★ ★ ★

H.E. ASSAYED MAHMOUD MUNTASSER, the retiring Libyan Ambassador, gave a most enjoyable reception on relinquishing his appointment, at the Libyan Embassy in Prince's Gate. Friends from the Diplomatic Corps and other acquaintances in London enjoyed the coolness of the high, airy reception rooms, with their long windows thrown open on to the balconies all round. Among those present were the Iraqi Ambassador H.R.H. Prince Zeid-El-Hussein, who was off to Baghdad next morning, Sir Frederick Hoyer-Millar, General Shanker, and his lovely wife in an enchanting sari of red rosebuds on white, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Davies, Lady Dashwood, Mr. Richard Stokes and many others.

★ ★ ★

THE Greyhound Derby, at the White City, was a very exciting affair, Ford Spartan, owned jointly by Mr. F. Hill and Mr. S. Frost, beating High Tim by a head. There was a tremendous crowd of about forty-five thousand around the beautifully mown green grass arena with its lovely flower beds all cleverly lit. They were able to enjoy an excellent programme of twelve races. Lord Howard de Walden, who watched the racing from the Royal Box with Lady Howard de Walden, presented the cup to the winning owners. Among those also in the Royal Box with Mr. Frank Gentle, chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association, and Mrs. Gentle, were the Marquess of Carisbrooke, the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, and Brig. and Mrs. Critchley.

Watching the racing at the same time as dining in the glass fronted and tiered members' restaurant were W/Cdr. Laddie Lucas, M.P., and his very attractive wife, who had Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snelling with them—W/Cdr. Lucas was recently appointed managing director of the G.R.A.—Lady Brabazon of Tara, who had a dog running, Mrs. Edward Slesinger, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maidwell, Col. Gerald Critchley, Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, who made up a party of four with Capt. and Mrs. Michael Colvin, Major W. H. Mackenzie and Sir Frank Spriggs, who had a party of four.

In The TATLER of June 26, the caption of a Le Touquet picture referred to Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks. This should, of course, been Lord and Lady Weeks. We offer our apologies for this error



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
JULY 10,
1957
57*

Gloria Pelham-Burn poses on the lawn as a pantaletted Victorian miss

YOUNG DANCERS

CHILDREN of different ages have been rehearsing in the garden of Hurst Lodge School at Sunningdale, for Miss Dorice Stainer's Dancing Matinee to help the Children's Aid Society to be held at the Scala Theatre on the Tuesday of next week



Lisa Donald, Victoria Tennant, Carol le Bas (Birds), Peter Ellis (Scarecrow), Michael Powell (Gardener)



Clayton Evans

Christopher Maxwell-Stewart discusses choreography with Edwina Donald



The Hon. Juliet and the Hon. Astrid Williamson



Elizabeth Blackstone and Clare Leveson in tutus



Maureen Lerner, Irina Tennant, Jane Cooke, Conor O'Brien and the Hon. Astrid Williamson rehearsing

SAGAS BEST OMITTED FROM THE RECORD OF MAN

PETER DICKINSON writes of the alarming threat to civilised society which is inherent in the current passion for things scientific, with special reference to the tape-recorder

THE March of Science has its less Sousa-like moments and in one of these the Boxes must have been born. They are, I suspect, what science thinks humans ought to be like. It is the grey ones that terrify me. The white ones, who live in the kitchen and wash and dry and iron and scrub and bake, know their place and are no more temperamental than ordinary servants, but the grey ones are much more sinister; they can think and talk and listen and choose and add and subtract and remember, and these, though none of the Boxes as yet has learnt to do all of them, can be useful gifts in the office and factory.

But they are not quite so comfortable in the drawing-room, for, though there is not usually much call for mathematics or thought in the average drawing-room, the talkers and listeners are already there in their thousands. They have sneaked this side of the green baize door and they emphatically do not know their place. I discovered this in one of those conversational dust-bowls in which parents start to talk about their children. I told a friend how my two-year-old daughter, when quite alone, practises bossing her year-old sister about; she lies in her cot and



says resonantly "No, Susie, no. No, no, Susie, no," for five minutes at a time. She has a terrible accent.

My friend shook his head and said solemnly "It's sad how soon you will forget that sort of detail. You ought to have a tape-recorder."

Up to that moment I had retained some scraps of my faith in the ability of human nature to rise above circumstances, itself and science, but now I am less complacent. I do not suggest (largely because the results might prove so disturbing) that any inquiries should be made into the statistics of the parents who are now busy committing to tape their children's carefully rehearsed prattle and the thunder of tiny feet, and all to be able to convince themselves and their friends in twelve years' time that these loud-mouthed hobbledehos were once a different kettle of fish. It is, of course, the friends I am worried about.

Sayings-of-the-children is in fact only a small aspect of the Menace of the Boxes. On a larger scale there is letter-writing. This, admittedly, has long been a dead art, but that is no reason why it should now haunt us. I met recently a round, rich man who wears his money with a happy and innocent ostentation. His house is full of all the gadgets that flow from the cornucopia of science, though not many of them are much use to a man as well-waited-on as he is. But he makes continual use of his tape-recorder, for he has a round, rich brother in the Argentine, and every fortnight the two send each other a complete spool—forty-five minutes' playing time—in which they and their families and friends, with suitable illustrative noises, describe and comment on their recent doings.

AT first sight this seems a good idea; it is pleasant to imagine the lone Englishman on those far sierras, surrounded by nothing but pampas-grass and polo-players, able to hear the lark begin his flight while the babble of a Cotswold picnic is shushed down for him to do so. But one cannot construct a forty-five-minute programme entirely of noises off, and it is over the human element, and more specifically over Dimpleby's law, that the conception breaks down. This law states that if a person, chosen at random, is asked to say something into a microphone he will have nothing whatever to say. This means that those tape-writers who are humble enough to realize that the sound of their voice is not enough to keep interest, let alone excitement, alive throughout a forty-five-minute monologue, are liable to involve their farthest and dearest in episodes something like this:

SCENE: A clearing on the Zambesi. It is mostly rust-coloured sand, but contains a bungalow, one tall tree full of brilliant blue-black starlings, and enough sparse yellow grass and thorn for a few sheep to nibble. They are doing so. It is noon, and very hot.

On the bungalow veranda sits EDWARD, a lean, brown, bored man. His recorder is playing him a spool from his brother GEORGE, an accountant in Slough. He must answer it today.



GEORGE'S VOICE : Hullo there, Ned. Pretty hot with you I expect. *(There is a confused roaring through which George can be heard saying Switch that damn cleaner off. I'm talking to Ned. The roaring stops.)* That's better. I was saying it must be pretty hot with you, I expect. *(A woman's voice interrupts. One cannot hear what she is saying but a sourish note is detectable.)* Oh, all right. Look, Ned, Minnie is trying to shake her dust off my feet. Let's go down to the pub.

(Silence, then a confused murmur of voices.)

GEORGE : Well, here we are at the Star, and here's old Bill French who'd like a word with you.

(FRENCH believes himself a card. He talks loudly, with the brass insistence of a pierhead comedian.)

FRENCH : Hullo, Ned. Pretty hot with you, I daresay. Shall I stand you a drink. I'll pour it into the whatsit. Ha ha! That's a good one. I'll pour it into the thing, shall I, George?

(The tape goes fuzzy, but angry voices can be heard. Then silence.)

GEORGE : Damn fool. He's enough to make me want to come out and join you, though I expect it's pretty hot with you, Ned. Took me ten days to get it mended. Hallo. What's that?

(There is a confused but very nostalgic noise of fire-engines' bells and children's shouts.)

GEORGE : I say, I can see the smoke. It looks like it's over at Parsons's. Let's go and have a look.

(Silence.)

GEORGE : Yes, it was Parsons's and here's Mr. Parsons to tell you what happened.

(PARSONS, whom Edward has not met, has a depressed, tinny voice which could make a description of the Last Judgment sound everyday.)

PARSONS : Hallo, Mr. Taplin, can you hear me? Am I talking loud enough?

GEORGE : Yes, that's about right.

PARSONS : Well then, hallo Mr. Taplin. I daresay it's middling hot where you are. Well, it was with us, too, this morning. It wasn't as bad as it might have been though, if you come to think of it. Well, anyway, um. . .

GEORGE : Tell him about the fire.

PARSONS : I was coming to that. . .

Mr. Parsons's fire in the front room chimney turns out to be the climax of the reel, though later on there are two or three questions for Edward to answer. He does so with as much prolixity as decency allows, but there is still twenty minutes of his reel left. He sighs, picks up a rifle, stalks carefully out through the clearing, climbs the starling-tree, takes steady aim and shoots a sheep. It kicks for a few seconds and then is still. Edward goes back to the veranda and describes his adventure in exact detail, except for calling the sheep a buck. It just about sees him through.





BLANCHE THEBOM, leading mezzo-soprano of New York's Metropolitan Opera, made her initial appearance at Covent Garden in June. She is seen as Dido in Berlioz's *The Trojans*, this occasion being the opera's first professional production in England



VIRGINIA VERNON is the Jane of Julian Slade's *Salad Days*, now in its fourth year. Previously Miss Vernon, who is twenty-one, played Amy in *A Girl Called Jo*, produced in London in 1955. In private life she is Mrs. Bob Dixon

Roundabout

—BUT NOT IN ANGER

George Gully

THE Angry Young Man is in the news again, to our apparent astonishment, since he achieves much publicity. It is all very proper and conventional for it is the habit of youth to erupt. Mr. John Osborne, the actor playwright, who is the present leader of the "What's-it-all-for?" upsurge asks all the pertinent questions, but supplies none of the impertinent answers, which strikes me as odd in so forceful a young man.

But why is it always the angry *young* man? The answer, I suppose, is that the middle-aged have swallowed that particular fly before and discovered the hook within. The sober truth is that an angry man of any age is woefully liable to emerge as a comic figure—just consider Mr. Michael Foot—and those of us who have reached middle age have discovered that the exquisite pleasure of losing one's temper is never quite worth the blushing aftermath.

It is this sad reflection alone which has prevented me from riding full tilt at my own largest windmill.

This is the permanent official who decided to tax the free will offerings at Eastertide to the clergy, and having had a success in this squalid enterprise went on to grab a share of the football pro's "benefit." What was his reward? The prospect of a minor order on retirement? A hearty slap on the back? "Splendid work, George, now what about the royalties of dead authors?" "Take it to the Lords, dear boy, as usual, no expense spared, you know." It is all, we will be told, in the interest of the community. Well, this member of the community is not interested and in his large acquaintanceship knows no one who is. But what a thwack I would give my permanent official if I did not know that his "passed to you" file is stronger than the armour plating of a hippopotamus.

A fine figure I should make, attacking such a pachyderm.

THEN there are the squealers over Mr. Coward. How angry I could be about them. Not one of them has contributed a tithe of this artist's skill to the world's entertainment: not one has had so large a proportion of earnings removed year after year. Yet when this man, who is a benefactor to his age, says: "Since the law provides a loophole for me I propose to save enough of my own money to retire," there is a chorus of sneers from every professional dealer in this commodity in Fleet Street.

But not, be it noted, one single word against the inept legislation which makes this behaviour inevitable; only self-righteous blame for a man who does not propose, as so many of our entertainers do, to dodge taxation by months of idleness.

I am very careful never to open my mouth on this sort of subject, for anger in middle age leads to ulcers and blood pressure.

NOR, as the mildest of men, do I ever ponder the fate I would mete out to half the timber merchants of England, given a chance. As a countryman the laxity of legislation to protect the countryside from their depredations would give me apoplexy if I dwelt upon it. A farm in my neighbourhood, belonging incidentally to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was recently despoiled of six hundred trees. This ruined a good shoot, which is of small importance, but it also laid waste a little tract of



THE BOURNEMOUTH BELLE

How nice to live at Bournemouth
And come up on the Belle
So chic with pale pink lamp shades
A golden name as well
Like MAVIS—PHILOMEL—
Along the plushy Pullman—a sybaritic dream—
With tired distinguished lions
On chocolate paint and cream.

But tinsel dreams start fading
Cold facts crop up once more
When there's RUBY—TOPAZ—SUNBEAM—
And then—CAR 94.

—G. B. Berry

England which was noble in its day. Timber, we are told, is a crop: but it can be felled selectively and not massacred as is our present custom. The timber merchant is high on my list of public enemies, very closely followed by the Forestry Commission, whose mind still seems to run to potential pit-props.

HAD I the energy of youth I would leap to the defence of Debs, who have recently been assailed by the school which believes that all of us are equal but some more equal than others. But the Débutante needs no defence. Whilst she has her spell of glory she oils a thousand financial wheels, she is a better advertisement for this country than the hordes around Mr. Elvis Presley, and she achieves the laudable ambition of every sensible young woman of that age, which is to be decorative rather than clever and angry.

IT would be possible I think to work up a little mild irritation over Mr. Watkinson, the Minister of Transport, or against the crass unwisdom of his public utterances. You and I, as private motorists, it seems, are no concern of his. It is not his business to provide roads for us or spaces for us to park. We clutter the place when we proceed upon our lawful occasions and in fact our only useful function is to pay our Road Fund licences.

His complacency reminds me of the calm displayed by Mr. Emanuel Shinwell in the face of the collapse of his ministerial labours for Fuel and Power in the disastrous winter of ten years ago. But oh, the folly of getting hot under the collar about a trifle of this sort!

WERE youth on my side I could find myself ill-tempered with Dr. Charles Hill, about whom we once had such high hopes. With his "Chuck it Priestley" broadcast he punctured that demagogue almost as neatly as Chesterton debunked F. E. Smith.

What on earth has happened to this man who should be the proud voice of Britain, the vocal exponent of our way of life? I heard him speak not long ago to the leading experts on Public Relations in this kingdom. It was quite an occasion, graced by the First Sea Lord who had delivered a considerable oration, spiced with the compliment of forethought, on the Silent Service.

But from the learned doctor we had no message, no advice, no plea for help in his important task. Instead we listened with indulgent laughter to the antics of an amateur after-dinner comedian.

Perhaps he too felt middle-aged and the anger had gone out of him, or perhaps he had muddled his speeches and imagined he was at a suburban golf club.

Perhaps he needs, like the rest of us, the stimulus of a little anger from those young enough to risk it.

E. S. TURNER, who will be conducting this column next week and the week after, is an inquisitive wanderer in the by-ways of social history. He has written light-hearted chronicles of advertising, boys' literature and courting (the latter being published in France under the fetching title of *L'Histoire de la Tactique Amoureuse*). His last book was a historical portrait of the British officer, which, like his others, was widely praised. He was editor of the British Army magazine *Soldier* for eleven years.



BRIGGS

by Graham



Major Lionel Holliday's Pirate King with W. Snaith up

Racing

POTENTIAL WINNERS

ORMONDE writes about the prospects for the meetings at Sandown Park and Ascot taking place this week and next

Fric, owned by M. M. Calman and ridden by Jean Deforge, winning the Coronation Cup at Epsom in June this year



Below: Col. Giles Loder's Arctic Explorer ridden by Lester Piggott seen winning the 1957 King Edward VII Stakes at Ascot



THE Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park (July 13) and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot (July 20) are so close together that most owners and trainers are deterred from any attempt with the same horse on both races. Gone, indeed, are the days when a horse such as Bayardo could win the St. Leger and then turn out again within twenty-four hours to land a second Doncaster prize.

The proximity of the Sandown and Ascot dates has, in the past few seasons, principally affected the Eclipse Stakes, but it seems that the two events are likely to suffer from a paucity of runners this year.

Major Lionel Holliday's Pirate King will probably start favourite for the Eclipse, in which he failed so gallantly after that long drawn-out struggle against Tropique twelve months ago. There can be little doubt that a mile and a quarter represents his right distance, for he tired perceptibly towards the finish, both in the Coronation Cup at Epsom and in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot.

This is a favourite race for the French, but their three-year-olds seem to be below standard this year, and the main rivals to Pirate King will probably be Arctic Explorer, owned by Lt.-Col. Giles Loder and Mr. Joe McGrath's Chevastrid.

Both these colts won at Ascot and Arctic Explorer, somewhat to the surprise of his trainer, Noel Murless, has been unbeaten in three races this season. In comparison with his stable companion, Crepello, Arctic Explorer appears slow—yet another tribute to the prowess of Sir Victor Sassoon's Derby winner.

If Pirate King should win the Eclipse Stakes, it will be taken as a pointer for his Ascot conqueror Fric, in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes a week later. This five-year-old has been one of the most successful French visitors to our race-courses this summer, netting nearly £7,000 by his successes in the Coronation Cup and Hardwicke Stakes. For the past five weeks he has been with Joe Lawson at Newmarket, but his rider will again be Jean Deforge, the brilliant young French jockey.

There may be horses from five nations competing, for in addition to the French and our own candidates, there is Tissot in the colours of Italy's leading owner, the Marquise Incisa, Jack Ketch from Ireland and Mme. du Bois's choice of her Belgian pair, Todrai and Colibois.

VISITORS to Ascot last year will recall the excitement occasioned when Todrai charged the starting gate and bolted a full circuit of the course, holding up the start by a quarter of an hour.

Mme. de Bois, who trains her own horses near Brussels, came to the conclusion that her jockey Vandendriesche was not heavy or strong enough to control this powerful colt. She has accordingly substituted a heavier rider during the current season, when Todrai has proved much more amenable.

Crepello would, of course, overshadow the opposition if Sir Victor Sassoon and Noel Murless decided to risk him. Sir Victor, however, is bent on winning the Triple Crown, and the lure of the St. Leger will outweigh any subsidiary objective. In Crepello's probable absence, Tissot holds a favourable chance of recording a second successive victory for Italy. This light-framed Tenerani colt must have been unlucky to lose the Ascot Gold Cup. He forfeited a dozen lengths shortly before the turn into the straight, and then put in such a spurt that he must have beaten Zarathustra—instead of merely finishing third—in another furlong.

BONHOMIE, the surprise winner of the Ascot Stakes, is due to come from Burton-on-Trent for the Brown Jack Stakes, and prove that there was no fluke about his victory last month. This horse suffers from intermittent bouts of rheumatism, and his trainer, Eric Cousins, says that "he runs his best races on a nice warm day." He certainly could not have wished for more favourable conditions than on the opening day of the Royal Ascot meeting, and it will be interesting to see if he can repeat the performance in this handicap, the longest run under Jockey Club Rules.

Owing to the exceptional drought in Ireland, we will probably not see so many Irish-trained horses as usual in action at this two-day Ascot meeting, but Paddy Prendergast may send Virginal for the Cranbourne Chase Stakes. This is a big good-looking filly by Sayajirao, owned by Sir Percy Loraine, who finished second recently at Phoenix Park, and is booked for an expedition to England during the next few weeks.



Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Eades looking down from the balcony around the Centre Court

THE WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONSHIPS

EXCITING MATCHES and fine weather drew large crowds during the fortnight of the British Lawn Tennis Association Championships at Wimbledon, the outside courts often providing games as thrilling as those in the packed Centre and Number One Courts

Miss Christine Truman, white hope of British lawn tennis, in play against Mrs. E. C. Pratt



*The
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Mrs. John McCullum (Miss Goochie Withers, the actress) with Mrs. Edward Sutro

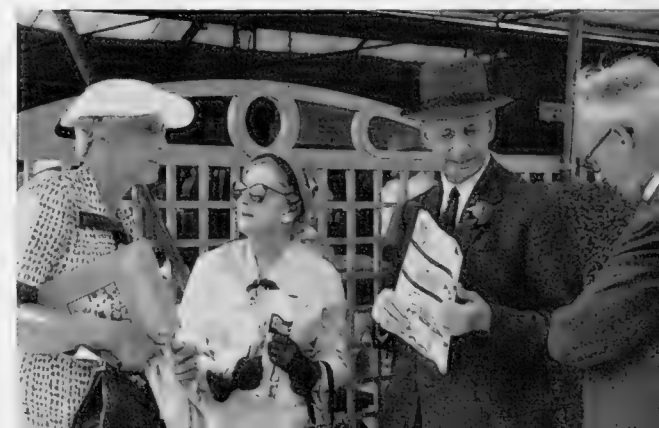


Mrs. A. E. Gow with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. David Gow



Mrs. Richard Cannon with her daughter, Miss Victoria Cannon

Mrs. W. J. V. Church, Mrs. Price, Mr. James Price and Mr. W. J. V. Church



Priscilla in Paris

CHAMPAGNE OUT OF DOORS

THERE is something about a June wedding—roses, sunshine, blue skies, swallows and all the other delights of the early summer days—that makes one even more sentimental than usual. I take it, being thus inclined myself, that even the crabbiest old stagers feel their tired hearts beat a little faster when they see a beaming young couple start out on the most magnificent adventure of their lives.

The wedding of Mlle. Inez Hoppenot to M. Jean Roux de Bézieux at the church of St. Pierre de Chaillot was one of the prettiest I have seen for a long time. It was also so admirably conducted that in spite of the innumerable friends and personages who were present there was none of the inevitable crush-and-crowd that one finds at most *grands mariages*. Immediately after the religious ceremony was over, instead of enduring the usual interminable *défilé* in the always more or less stuffy sacristy, the young people and their parents received the congratulations of their guests in the lovely old garden of a nearby convent in the rue de Lubeck. Spreading chestnut trees, cooing doves, cheeky young blackbirds (that delighted the baby bridesmaids), cool fruit drinks and iced champagne (that delighted everybody). No crushing, no flurry. According to the degree of one's intimacy with the family one could either hug the bride and slap the bridegroom on the back or simply smile and wave from afar. If one really hadn't time to wait, one might—as it had been suggested by the major-domo—write an affectionate message with one's signature in "the book."

This being a Saturday the innovation was voted a grand idea. Weekenders, in a hurry to leave town, waxed lyrical in prose and even in verse, but they all waited for a hug and a slap as well! It was a *très grand mariage* and a very happy one.

EVERY year two important charity galas—if importance is attached to these things—take place in Paris: the *Fête de l'Union des Artistes* in March and the *Kermesse des Etoiles* that happened recently. The *Fête de l'Union* at the Cirque d'Hiver begins at midnight and goes on till dawn. It is all elegance and pretty manners, celebrities, gorgeous frocks and jewels and a sensational programme of famous artists perilously, but competently, performing circus stunts that amaze and terrify us.

The *Kermesse des Etoiles* takes place in the Tuileries gardens. It starts on a Saturday, at the hour when shops close after lunch, and continues till Monday evening. It is all great fun for those who enjoy crowds, bargain-counter crushes, football scrums, excursion trains and fighting for a place on the last bus. Nevertheless it is something that even crowd haters must see . . . once, at all events! For me the whole affair has an awful fascination. The same half terrified fascination that I felt as a child in the monkey house of the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*. Now I like to imagine that I enjoy seeing holidaymakers amusing themselves and certainly amusing moments are plentiful at the *Kermesse*, but every year I vow I will never go again.

FROM the moment when General Ganeval, representing President René Coty, declared the *Kermesse* well-and-truly-open, to the closing of the gates behind the 150,000th visitor on Monday evening, thrill followed thrill for the multitude. I fear, however, that the general may have been slightly embarrassed by the greeting he received from Mme. Silvana Pampani. Having flown up from Rome for the occasion and been accompanied from Orly to the Tuileries by an escort of "motor-cops," the lovely lady was on the crest of the wave. With warm-hearted, Italian, film-star exuberance, she soundly embraced the general on both cheeks. It was a great moment for the camera carriers in the crowd.

Les nouvelles nues . . .

- Small person seeing a pan of new potatoes that have been scraped for cooking: "Oh, Mummie, naked potatoes!"



THE GRAND PRIX de Rome for painting was awarded to M. D'Hautervie, French art student, for his picture "The Floods"

PAUL LOVECA'S "Kneeling Shepherd" was included in an exhibition of medieval Czechoslovak art being shown in Paris





Lennart Green

An enfant prodige rocks the world of French poetry

MINOU DROUET is unique even in a country which expects its children to behave like adults and which has recently produced at least two best-selling authors still in their teens. This young prodigy has been the centre of storm and discussion since her poems were first published, proclaimed by some a genius and by others a fraud. Literary bodies who tested her gift by shutting her in a room with nothing but pencil and paper were confounded. She is to write for the Christmas Number of *The TATLER*



At the Theatre

ARSENIC FOR THE PAYING GUEST

"A DEAD SECRET" (Piccadilly Theatre). Above: Margaret Dyson (Megs Jenkins) watches helplessly as her ruthlessly ambitious husband (Paul Scofield) plots the demise of their drunken and miserly lodger, Miss Lummus (Madge Brindley). Below: Self-sufficient to the end, Dyson conducts his own defence and remains calm even when cross-examined by prosecutor, Sir Arthur Lovecraft (Laidman Browne). Drawings by Glan Williams



THE Seddons trial is remembered today chiefly by the circumstance that the prisoner, while being sentenced to death, made the Masonic sign; and that the judge, himself a Mason, was visibly shaken. *A Dead Secret* at the Piccadilly is based on the case, but it is not a play dependent on any particular piece of sensationalism. It is a study of character in a period setting, and owes its theatrical grip to an extraordinarily happy collaboration between author (Mr. Rodney Ackland), producer (Mr. Frith Banbury) and leading actor (Mr. Paul Scofield). To Mr. Scofield most of the credit is due. He sees the prisoner as a sort of Arnold Bennett character, a "card" in a competitive world gradually going sour on himself. No one is going to get the better of him. He knows the value of money. He knows how to manipulate the pennies. He knows that the big men who have got on in the world and made millions have been pretty harsh in some of their dealings. He learns also that these men do not overlook the necessity of paying liberal lip service to religion. He is on his way up, and knows he has the root of the matter in him.

For the moment there is only a small world for the seedy insurance agent to dominate. It consists of two daughters, an old father, a devoted wife and three lodgers. But already he holds them all under his thumb. The daughters fly at his approach, the old father protests a little occasionally but shuts up when told to shut up, his wife cannot quite understand what she has done to lose touch with her husband, and as for the lodgers, one is an old drunk who keeps her property deeds and cash under the bed and the other two cannot pay the rent. It is time that he began to move up in the world. The old woman's money is there for the taking. So he turns the distressed lodgers out into the street and sends one of his daughters to the local sweet shop for arsenical fly papers.

THE interest of the play is not in the murder, still less in Mr. Ackland's rather belated suggestion that it may not, after all, have been murder. It is in the growing conceit of the careerist which but for a petty meanness beyond his control might justify itself. He cannot resist burying the woman whose riches he has inherited in a pauper's grave. He cannot resist claiming a discount on the bill for her laying out. The two lodgers whom he has turned into the street are the people who rouse public suspicion against him. A crazy Dickensian maidservant plays into their hands. Mr. Scofield completely disguised in a make-up which when examined seems to consist simply of a clipped period moustache, and using the almost stylized gestures of an automaton, wonderfully suggests that something is growing on the man which separates him more and more finally from reality. He has been severely cross-examined at the inquest proceedings, and his solicitor is enormously relieved that the case has excited the interest of a celebrated counsel who specializes in the emotional defence of murderers. This particular murderer feels that he might do better defending himself.

Which brings in Mr. Laidman Browne as the eminent K.C. to show us how in fact the local "card" would fare under expert cross-examination. They give us a capital scene. It culminates in the making of the Masonic sign; and then Mr. Scofield crowns a superb piece of character acting by showing the sudden crack up of the poisoner's conceit and the emergence of a human being, at once absurd and pathetic. Miss Megs Jenkins is excellent as the bewildered wife, and Mr. Harold Scott is the broken hearted father.

—Anthony Cookman

THE ROYAL BALLET, having completed a tour of the Continent, opened at Sadler's Wells Theatre last week for a three-week season. Anne Heaton and John Field are seen (right) as the Woman in a Ball Dress and the Poet in *Apparitions*, one of the fourteen ballets in the Company's repertoire.





D. R. Woolley and P. J. L. Wright of the Winchester XI going in to bat after the tea interval

I. N. M. Hardy, president of the Winchester Boat Club, Mrs. T. L. Dinwiddy and John Dinwiddy



Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, General Lord Jeffreys and Mr. A. G. Merritt

SUN SHINES ON THE ETON AND WINCHESTER MATCH

A LARGE CROWD of parents and friends, as well as boys from both Eton and Winchester, watched the annual cricket match between the two great colleges which was held this year at Winchester. The match was played in brilliant weather, and although the result was a draw, it was an exciting game, arousing the usual strong partisanship of Wykehamists and Etonians



Mrs. Fuller and Lt.-Col. Christopher Fuller with Miss Belinda Sheffield

Mr. Nigel D'Oyly, Miss Heather Bullick, Miss Juliet Winlaw and Mr. David MacLean-Watt





The Eton XI returns to the field after the interval for tea

Desmond O'Neill



Miss Robina Fish with Mr. Francis Higgins

Miss Jan Jason-Smith and C. Jason-Smith



Mr. and Mrs. David Gow consult their programme

Miss Penelope Todd and Mr. David Money-Coutts



Miss Virginia Todd with Mrs. Hazel Hall

Mrs. R. Capper, J. Capper and Miss Susan McDonald



At the Pictures

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS' BRILLIANT RECRUITS

Elsbeth Grant

IT is a much softer, warmer and sweeter Miss Marilyn Monroe than we have previously seen who co-stars with Sir Laurence Olivier in his production of *The Prince And The Showgirl*—an elaborate and much extended screen version of Mr. Terence Rattigan's little play, *The Sleeping Prince*. Under Sir Laurence's knightly direction she has ceased to be anything so vulgar as a sex symbol: I do hope you won't mind. She still (I think misguidedly) wears no stays and a skin-tight dress that, to put it coarsely, gives every bulge a break—but inwardly she is just a dear, romantic young thing who believes that what the world needs is more love in it. (She may be right, at that.)

The Regent of Carpathia—Sir Laurence, monocled and moody—has come to London with his son, the boy King Nicholas (Mr. Jeremy Spencer), to attend the 1911 Coronation. Because his country is of political importance to us, a discreet and resourceful Foreign Office representative—played with immense elegance by Mr. Richard Wattis—is detailed to see that the Regent has everything he wants.

HE wants, it appears, to sup at midnight in the Carpathian Embassy with Miss Monroe, an American musical comedy actress who has taken his fancy. Mr. Wattis arranges this with masterly efficiency—but nothing goes quite as planned.

Miss Monroe, who is by no means as simple as she looks, adroitly rebuffs the Regent's attempts at seduction, incurs his fine Grand Ducal rage and secures herself a night's lodging at the Embassy by drinking herself insensible on vodka and champagne. For the next hour and a half of screen time the showgirl enjoys herself hugely: she is present at the Coronation in the Abbey and at a perfectly glorious Coronation ball. With a finesse that an elderly statesman might envy, she averts a revolution in Carpathia and brings the Regent and his rebellious son together in amity—and, with charming missionary zeal, she succeeds in converting the Regent, whom she now somewhat wistfully adores, to a belief in love.

It seemed to me that the serious political issues weighed rather too heavily on the slender fairy tale—a Prince Charming who is described as "the fox of the Balkans" and "the best political brain in Europe" is a mite hard to take—but though the film sags slightly here and there it is on the whole a delightful, witty and sophisticated entertainment, beautifully photographed in Technicolor by Mr. Jack Cardiff. You will probably see it for the sake of its stars, about whom there has been such a wealth of gossip—but I confess the performances I most enjoyed, personally, were

The Prince and

SELDOM has any film been more eagerly expected or more widely discussed than *The Prince And The Showgirl*. Public interest was first aroused when Sir Laurence Olivier invited Marilyn Monroe to play the showgirl to his Prince in a screen version of Terence Rattigan's play *The Sleeping Prince*. The arrival of Miss Monroe in this country whetted this interest even further. Perhaps the factor that stirred the imagination



Mr. Wattis's, as the impeccably correct Northbrook, and Dame Sybil Thorndike's, as the divinely dotty Queen Dowager. Here, if one ever saw it on the screen, is *style*.

A DIRECT contrast to Sir Laurence's pretty extravaganza is M. Robert Bresson's unforgettable *Un Condamné A Mort S'Est Echappé*—which, with an economy of emotion that makes it extraordinarily telling, gives the bare facts of how a Lt. Fontaine (M. Francois Leterrier) escaped from the prison in Lyons where, in 1943, he was confined under sentence of death by the Nazis. None of the players in this remarkable film is a professional actor—and the story is in every detail a true one.

It is a record of obstinate courage. For four months, in solitary confinement and without outside help, the prisoner prepares his escape; it may not be possible—he may be shot before he can make the attempt, but it is his self-imposed duty at any rate to try. His only tool is an iron spoon, patiently filed against stone into a sort of chisel—but his ingenuity is infinite.

At last everything is in readiness: the planks of his cell door have been prised loose, the ropes woven of blankets are hidden in his mattress. Suddenly he is taken to Gestapo Headquarters, where the death sentence is confirmed. Will he be returned to his cell or executed out of hand? He is returned to his cell—but it is no longer his alone: he has to share it with an uncouth boy of sixteen (M. Charles Leclainche) who has all the earmarks of a tool-pigeon.

He is faced with a grave decision. If he is to escape, it must be done now—and he must either take the boy with him or leave him. I do not know when I have been so desperately involved in somebody else's decision as I was in M. Leterrier's—I do not know when I have vicariously endured such agonies of suspense follow, once the risk is taken. M. Bresson's film is a masterpiece that must not be missed.

The Lonely Man, a good, grimmish Western, the cadaverous Mr. Jack Palance plays a middle-aged gunman who feels that he has come for him to abandon the game and try to make a respectable life for his son, Mr. Anthony Perkins, whom he hasn't seen for fourteen years.

Every man's hand is against Mr. Palance and he is smartly kicked out of the town where Mr. Perkins lives. Mr. Perkins, who hates him more than anybody on account of the way Mr. Palance neglected his mother, goes with him—simply, one hopes, to make his life as much of a hell as possible.

Mr. Palance takes his sulking son to the hide-out where he has been living with a young, attractive and capable woman—Miss Elaine Aiken, a promising newcomer who is young, attractive and capable. Mr. Perkins sulks worse than ever—and when Mr. Palance declares his intention to make an honest living out of the herds of wild horses that abound in the hills, refuses to operate.

It is not until Mr. Palance's evil past catches up with him, and is disposed of with the determination of a man bent on securing a better future, that Mr. Perkins learns to love and respect his father. Screen convention being what it is, Mr. Palance is not allowed to enjoy his filial affection for long: after all, he had whipped off more people than you could notch on a rifle-butt so he is bound to get what I believe is known as *his'n* in the end.

The sequences in which Mr. Palance and Miss Aiken show their skill in rounding-up, roping and breaking-in wild horses are exciting and quite lovely to look at—and though this is not a major film it is a satisfying one, decently directed by Mr. Harry Levin.

..... the Showgirl

most of all was the idea of two such different personalities working and starring together in an Edwardian fairy tale. On the one side was a knight of the British stage, and on the other the not-so-dumb blonde bombshell of Hollywood. Imagination has been confounded. Sir Laurence is all that an Anthony Hope-type prince should be, and Miss Marilyn Monroe is as charming, gentle and innocent a showgirl as ever walked the boards of the Gaiety



Book Reviews

FIVE-STAR THRILLER

Elizabeth Bowen

THERE is a steady rise in the prestige of the adventure story—which, today, only the snob or fool would relegate to the schoolroom bookshelf. Contemporary adventure stories are by no means written for boys and girls, neither are they to be classed as “escape” fiction. John P. Marquand’s **Stopover: Tokyo** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) provides me with a five-star example. I, personally, would not give this book to a thirteen-year-old: not because it is either “nasty” or gruesome, but because it is adult, and to the core.

Mr. Marquand is one of the most adult of America’s novelists, and—whether or not because of that—one of the most acceptable over here. On the whole, we associate him with the semi-satiric delineation of social types, and they are types we recognize—the success boy, the tired business man, or the romantic who clings to a vanished past. When he is writing that kind of novel (you will recall his recent *Sincerely Willis Wade*) Mr. Marquand’s pace is leisurely, and his plot not tense. We have therefore come to forget, perhaps, that this author wields what is almost a second pen. Mr. Marquand is, also, the creator of Mr. Moto: Sherlock Holmes of Japan. Mr. Moto (owing, we may suppose, to the lapse in Japanese popularity) has been in abeyance, now, for eleven years. He re-appears in *Stopover: Tokyo*.

IT, however, cannot simply be described as “another Moto book.” The central figure is a young American Intelligence agent, Jack Rhyce—sent to the Japanese capital to track down, and it is hoped frustrate, a dangerous Communist agent there. He is accompanied by an enchanting and able young woman, Ruth Bogart, who is also a highly-trained, single-minded member of the Intelligence service. The sinister individual they are after is a renegade American known as Big Ben. The austerities, the inhumanities (by any other standard) and the priority loyalties of Intelligence become clear to us as we follow Rhyce and the girl on their dual assignment. They are to fake a love affair—“Sex is safe,” is the axiom of their Boss in Washington.

In the course of their fooling the two, hardboiled as they are, fall into genuine love. And do so against their wills, at their own risk, mindful of nightmare possibilities. For, as they both know, either must be prepared to abandon the other, at any moment, to an unspeakable fate. And the moment comes when this is required of one of them. *Stopover: Tokyo*, to a point might seem to bristle with Hollywood’s pet conventions and archly glamorous possibilities. The end, however, is far from cosy. Reason?—the novel makes no concessions.

FEW feminine readers of *Stopover: Tokyo* will be left wishing to qualify as a Mata Hari. The relief of the book is its brilliantly vivid writing—what a picture of the rambling love-nest hotel in the hill country!—and the polished and fiendish streak of Marquand comedy. For Rhyce’s instructions are that he impersonate an American “do-gooder.” The jargon of uplift, sentimental well-wishing and smug ethical snooping is to be his: and does he command it! His nominal contact in Tokyo is a Mr. Harry Pender, of the American-sponsored Asia Friendship League, who sunnily says of the Japanese: “They’re basically only a bunch of mixed-up kids, but lovable at heart. You’ll see.”

Never has any non-American author been more right than Miss Nancy Mitford was about her Hector Dexter. *You’ll see*, as *Stopover: Tokyo* goes on. For the beaming do-gooder, here so superbly parodied, can, it seems, provide frontage for something worse. Or may one say, worse if possible?



EUROPEAN PICTURES lent by private collectors in Hampshire are on view at Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street and 3 Albemarle Street, in an exhibition open until July 27. Rachel Ruysch's "Flowers In A Vase" (above) and "A Child With A Parrot" by Cornelius de Vos (below) are among the paintings being shown





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JULY 10,
1957
73*



Mr. D. R. Jardine, Mr. I. A. R. Peebles and Mr. Ben Barnett sitting in the pavilion



Mr. Alan Ross and Mr. Laurence Meynell watching the game

Mr. P. G. H. Fender and Mr. R. E. S. Wyatt

CRICKET WAS PLAYED with a literary flavour at the annual match between the National Book League and the Authors on the playing grounds of Westminster School. Above: Sir Len Hutton batting for the Authors and Mr. A. Kamm keeping wicket for the Book League

WE have in **The Bystander** (Macdonald, 13s. 6d.) the second novel of Randolph Stow, young and highly gifted Australian author—whose first, you will recollect, was *The Haunted Land*. That masterpiece, which reached us only last year, was not likely to fade from a reader's memory. Mr. Stow has been quick with his follow-up to it, and rightly: he strikes while the iron is hot. *The Bystander*, though less violent than its predecessor, is as powerful. The scene is the same, Western Australia and the isolated homesteads of settler families, whose past goes some generations back. And the characters, this time, are the descendants of those whose fates engrossed us in the first story.

Passion-fraught Malin, where the Maguires dwelled, in *The Bystander* is a desolate semi-ruin. But it remains a symbolic landmark. Patrick Leighton, solitary lame man, master of nearby Koolabye, knows himself to be the illegitimate son of a Maguire: he bitterly feels the loss of rightful heredity. When the story opens, Patrick's most human contact is his friendship with Keithy Farnham—a boy of twenty who suffers, apparently, from arrested development. To Lingarin, Keithy's home, comes Diana Ravirs, a "displaced person" engaged as a housekeeper. It is she who becomes the disturbing element.

DIANA's good looks and youthfulness ill fit her for the part she was meant to play. The idea had been that she should take charge of Keithy while the Farnham parents are spending a year in England. Instead, she becomes the frustrating bride of Patrick. Terrible concentration camp experiences in Europe have frozen the girl into a creature of ice. She appears (though she actually is not) a gold-digger, who has married for a good home. Only Keithy, the strange inhibited boy, understands and adores her—helplessly, selflessly.

It is Keithy who is "the bystander"—looking on at the misunderstanding between Diana and Patrick. He himself is, however, far from immune, for he shoots out of childishness into painful maturity. Only a poet, and one full of compassion, could have developed this theme as Mr. Stowe has done. And the wonderfully-rendered Western Australian atmosphere heightens the movingness of *The Bystander*.



A SILVER CASKET of great beauty, designed by Mr. Louis Osman and made by Mr. Edward Ford and others, with sculpture by Mr. David Wynne, was presented to Mr. Leslie Gamage of G.E.C., by his friends and colleagues

LE COURRIER FRANÇAIS





Michel Molinare

Fashions by
Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

FOR formal or informal occasions, these two dresses add lustre to a well-chosen wardrobe. On the left is an afternoon dress by Marcus in pure silk and worsted wool printed in subdued colourings of mauve, green and blue. Price approx. £28 15s., available in September at Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, and Marshall and Snelgrove, Bradford. Above: Roter's short evening dress in pink ribbed brocade has a bell-shaped skirt billowing from a fitted waistband, both embroidered with gold metal, and a Vee-necked gathered bodice, approx. 23 gns., at Cresta Sports, Lyttelton Road, N.2, and Mary Adair of Hull. The pictures were taken in Mrs. Roy Boulting's Chelsea flat

LAMPLIT EVENINGS IN LONDON



THIS SHORT EVENING DRESS in pink satin has a strapless top, sleek waistline and flared skirt. From the Jacquar Town and Country Collections, 22 gns.

SUSAN SMALL'S COCKTAIL DRESS in smoke grey taffeta has a cuffed bodice, pleated and swathed at the waist, approx. 12 gns, at Libertys and David Evans, Swansea

COCKTAIL and short evening dresses to suit individual tastes and pockets are now in abundance at London stores. These dresses range from the severely covered-up to the gracefully decollete, and come in all colours and fabrics

POTENT MIXTURE

RIGHT: Rembrandt's deceptively simple dress in pale creamy coloured worsted jersey has a vee neck, tiny half sleeves embroidered with crystal, and fully-lined slim skirt. Available end of July at Dickens and Jones and Novello of Bradford





IT seems a little sad to look towards the coming of autumn, but clothes must be chosen for the between-season time when the temperature may vary greatly from day to day. Tailored dresses in lightweight jerseys and worsteds are ideal. A good example is Rima Casuals' shirtmaker dress in ribbed jersey wool (below). Wedgwood blue it costs approx. 13½ gns. at Anne Gerrard, and Florence Wood, Leeds

Looking ahead to the golden days of



an Indian Summer



Michel Molinare

ABOVE: From Polly Peck's Autumn Collection comes a dress and jacket in creamy oatmeal worsted, over-checked in beige and blue. The dress has a camisole bodice and also a full pleated skirt



LEFT: over the dress (above) is worn a semi-fitted jacket with a narrow banded collar cut away from the neck and finishing in a bow. Dress and jacket, 16 gns. at Galeries Lafayette and McDonalds, Glasgow, end of August

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



John Adriaan



THE sheath of corded black lace over satin (above) by California Cottons, 9½ gns., is worn (above, left) with a black faille theatre coat, approx. 12 gns. Evening purse, £3 18s. 9d., rhinestone bracelet, 12 gns.,

SATIN AND LACE AFTER DUSK

necklace and bracelet of gilt and white stones, £2 18s. 6d. and £2 10s., by Fior. The fichu-collared peacock blue uncrushable satin dress (right) by California Cottons costs 9½ gns. All from Fifth Avenue, Regent Street



Welcome additions to the garden scene

*E*ATING and drinking out of doors is one of the best ways of entertaining a number of people with the minimum of clearing up to do afterwards. Whether you have a large garden in the country or a handkerchief patio in the town, here is a selection of equipment for alfresco meals this summer

—JEAN CLELAND



Above: A round "daisy" tray that spikes into the ground, £1 17s. 6d., vine-wreathed glass holder, £2 6s., and coronet glass holder, £1 0s. 9d., all from Harrods



A cane refreshment stand to hold bottles and glasses, £4 19s. 5d. and a double-decker cane round table, price £4 2s. 6d. Both come from Harrods



The Bar-b-cue, beautifully made with grill and spit for the expert or amateur of outdoor cooking, costs £12 5s. and stocked by Asprey & Co. Ltd.



The "garden bar" holding bottles and glasses, £6, Fortnum & Mason, lambs-wool rug by Kynoch Ltd., approx. £7 7s. Stocked at leading stores



Dennis Smith

Above: This useful cane-work holder for glasses and bottles has a strong handle making it easily portable; it costs £6 12s. 6d. and comes from Fortnum & Mason. Left: This ice-bucket, shown open and closed, has a wicker-work frame and a strong carrying strap. Fortnum & Mason, £8 5s.

Beauty

A well-groomed head
at holiday time

Jean Cleland



These hairstyles are Antoine's versions of the current Paris line "Pirouette," adaptable for daytime wear with fullness and femininity added to fashionable short hair



MOST people enjoy the carefree feeling of going without a hat while on holiday, yet, when they come home, many complain that their hair seems to have suffered from being exposed to the sun.

The old question, which I hear repeatedly, then arises as to whether it is a good thing to go hatless, and let the sun and air get to the scalp, or whether it is better to give the head some protection. Experts on the subject are mostly of one mind. The majority think that while it is excellent for the scalp to get the air, exposure to very hot sun can be detrimental, especially to those whose hair is of the dry type. This is not surprising, since, as we know, the rays of the sun tend to dry out the natural oils, which results in the hair breaking and becoming dull and frizzy.

There are various ways of dealing with the situation, and promoting good health ahead, come sun, sea or wind. Go hatless by all means while away, and give your hair a holiday, but put a scarf or a silk square in your pocket, so that when the sun is hot, you can tie this loosely over your head. I say "loosely" because one of the best things about a hair holiday is entire freedom from anything tight, which is apt to impede the circulation.

IF your hair is inclined to be dry anyway, you should give it extra attention during the hot weather. I have been talking to some of the top hairdressers, and their advice is not to wait until *after* the holidays to correct the dryness which, by then, will probably have become aggravated, but to take precautionary methods *before* going away. One of the best things to do is to have a course of oil treatments, to thoroughly lubricate the scalp, and help it to resist the ill-effects of sun and seawater. The oil seeps right in and nourishes the roots, and this not only counteracts the brittleness, but leaves the hair beautifully silky. In cases of excessive dryness it is advisable to have a second course when you come home, to ensure that the hair is soft and supple again.

Treatments of the kind I have just suggested are best done at the hairdressers, but failing this the next best thing is to apply the oil yourself at home the night before having a shampoo. Warm the oil until it is comfortably hot, then make partings all over the head, and rub it well into the scalp with the tips of the fingers. When the whole head has been treated, cover it with a hot towel. Wrap it round lightly, and when it cools, replace it with another one, and so on, for about a quarter of an hour.

CERTAIN shampoos are particularly good for correcting dryness and giving nutriment to the scalp. One of the best is an egg shampoo, of which there are some excellent makes all ready for use at home. French of London has a good one, and so has Richard Hudnut, whose advice is to "apply it down partings and massage into the scalp before shampooing. This allows all the natural tonic benefits of egg—oils, proteins and vitamins—to be absorbed." Still another that has just come on to the market is "Pride Egg and Lemon Shampoo," made from the yolks of fresh eggs and the juice of fresh lemons. It is designed to cleanse, protect and diminish dandruff.

Before leaving the subject of shampoos, I must tell you of one which is wonderfully easy for packing and taking on holiday. This is "Water Lilies," which is a leaf shampoo, and the first of its kind. The leaves, which are pale green and shaped like water lilies, are coated with a soapless shampoo, and are very quick and easy to use. A packet of six leaves takes up hardly any room, and does three shampoos.

Another preparation has been launched for promoting hair beauty and keeping it trim during the summer months. Called "Plix," it is produced by L'Oreal, of Paris, who say that it must not be confused with setting lotions, lacquers, permanent waving lotions or permanent setting lotions. "Plix" is a plating lotion designed to reinforce the keratin sheathing of the hair. When combined with the heat of the dryer (which is an essential part of the treatment), it penetrates into each individual hair, making it supple and pliant. It also gives it more body, and a resilience that causes it to spring back into curl, with the result that the set lasts much longer. The way to try it out is to ask your hairdresser for a "Plix" Set.



Miss Antonia Herbert, daughter of Mr. L. F. Herbert, of Moreton House, Wallingford, Berks, and Mrs. Herbert, of Muringa Farm, Subukia, Kenya, is to marry Mr. Robert Knowles, eldest son of Col. Andrew Knowles, of Sneem, Co. Kerry, Eire, and Lady Farquhar, of Turnworth, Blandford, Dorset

THEY ARE ENGAGED

The Hon. Diana Baird, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven, of Riccarton House, Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Francis Holman, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. L. Holman, of Hyes, Rudgwick, Sussex



Harlip



Lenave

Miss Melanie Erskine, only daughter of the Hon. Alastair and Mrs. Erskine, of Glenfintaig House, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, is engaged to Sir John Power, Bt., only son of the late Sir Ivan Power, Bt., and of Mrs. N. H. Power, of Montpelier Square, Kensington, London, S.W.7



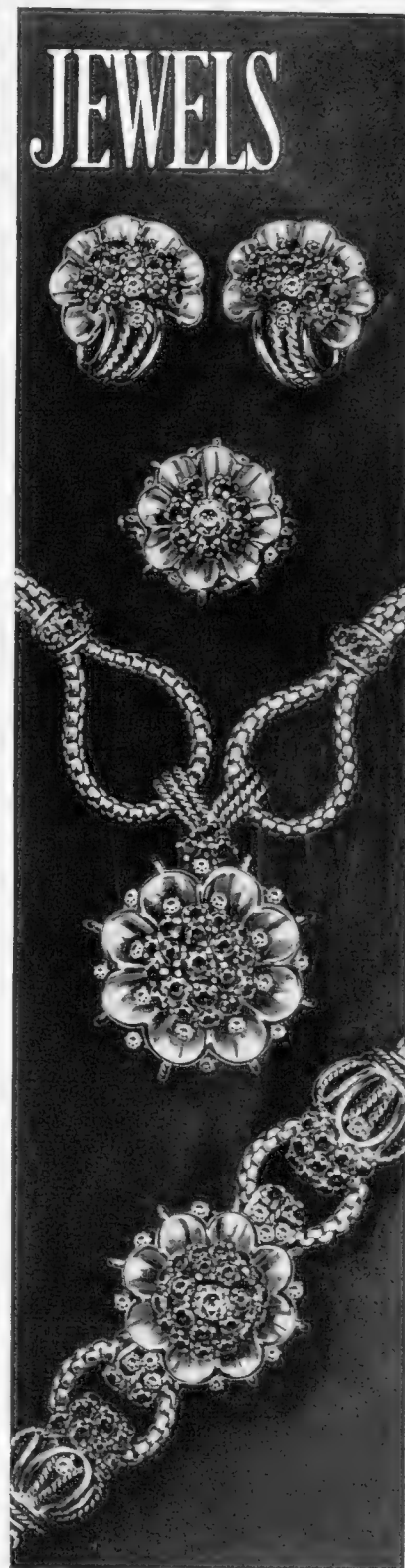
Pearl Freeman

Miss Annabella Drummond, daughter of the late Major Cyril Drummond, and of Mrs. J. C. Quinnell, of Cadland, Fawley, Hampshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Talbot Rice, the son of the late Major Harry Talbot Rice and of the Hon. Mrs. Talbot Rice, of Castle Weir, Lyonshall, Herefordshire

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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL



Lamb—Hambro. Mr. Michael Lamb, younger son of the late Major J. R. R. Lamb, The Queen's Bays, and Mrs. Lamb, of Ovington Street, S.W.3, married Miss Alexandra Mary Hambro, elder daughter of the late Major R. Alec Hambro and Mrs. Hambro, of Quarme, Exford, Somerset, at Milton Abbey, Milton Abbas, near Blandford, Dorset

RECENTLY MARRIED



Jones—Shaw. Mr. F. A. Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Jones, of Macclesfield, Cheshire, married Miss Marion Doris Shaw, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Crawford Shaw, of Woodlands, Dollar, Scotland, at the Parish Church of St. Columba, Dollar

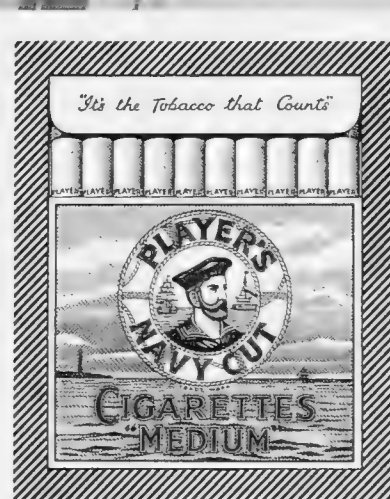


Crawford—Troidahl. Capt. Robin Wyndham Harman Crawford, Durham Light Infantry, second son of Brig. and Mrs. K. B. S. Crawford, of Kingsmead, Wokingborough, married Miss Isabel Valerie Troidahl, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Troidahl, of Burnopfield, at St. James's, Burnopfield

Critchley-Waring—Harrison. Mr. Angus Critchley-Waring, son of the late Capt. Critchley-Waring, D.S.O., and the Hon. Mrs. Critchley-Waring, of Dunchurch, married Miss Anita E. Harrison, daughter of the late Mr. George Dickinson, and Mrs. Harrison, of Netherhampton, at St. James's, Piccadilly



I always say please to Player's



Come on, you two. Let's get started! And what better way to start another lovely day than with the Player's she's giving him? Unless, of course, it's the one he lights for her.

Player's means pleasure; and you don't have to have cycled a yard to know that. A Player's has all a good cigarette should have and—being Player's—a little more. You can see for yourself how firm it is, how very well packed—right from end to end. And the flavour of that tobacco . . . !

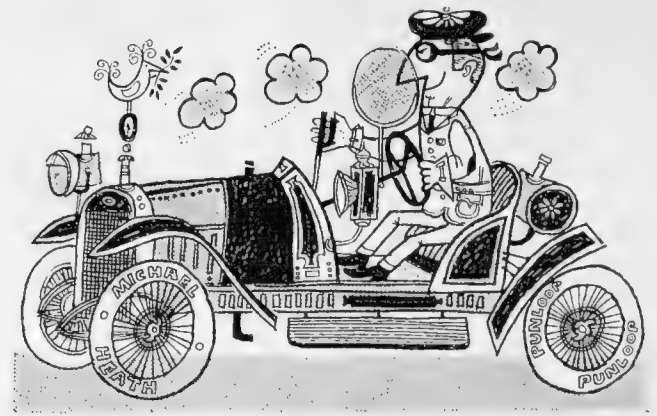
No wonder you say please to Player's.

PLAYER'S ALWAYS MEANS PLEASURE FOR ME



THE 1935 T.T. The late Freddie Dixon leading the Riley team through Quarry Corner at Ards; this drawing by Gordon Horner illustrates *Tourist Trophy* by Richard Hough (Hutchinson, 25s.), a history of the great race

AT LE MANS Britain swept the board in a decisive manner. The winning Jaguar (below) of Ecurie Ecosse was driven by Ron Flockhart and Ivor Bueb, seen in action during the race



Motoring

TO HOOT OR NOT TO HOOT

To me it was news that Moscow bans the use of horns and hooters, just as Paris does. The point emerged in the advice given by the Royal Automobile Club to those proposing to avail themselves of the facilities for touring in Russia. In London horns are not much used and there does not seem to be the need for an official ban. We have too many motoring regulations already and must not add to them; but the discouragement of hooting might be intensified with advantage.

It is a matter of experience that the sounding of a motor horn in London rarely has anything to do with "giving audible warning of approach." More often it is an exclamation of annoyance. It is a means of showing disapproval of the driving methods of others, either because they are thought to be too slow in moving from a traffic stop for example, or because they are thought to be encroaching upon somebody else's lane. Such uses of the hooter fray tempers and lower driving standards.

On the other hand, in the open country, my feeling is that, in England, hooters are used too rarely. A car driver coming up fast behind another car and preparing to overtake it makes the manoeuvre safer if he sounds his horn. The reason is that the slower a vehicle is moving the greater its powers of manoeuvre. If it is going at a walking pace it can suddenly swing across the road, but the other car coming up fast cannot alter course to the same extent. Its speed *locks it on a nearly straight line*. If, therefore, there is justification for the use of horns, it is on the open road as a warning before overtaking. My view on basic principles, however, does not alter. It is that both the horn and the driving mirror tend to contribute to the dangers of the road.

Here is a sample of the London motorist's hooting habits as taken in the Strand at noon on a weekday. It showed that, on the average, somebody blew a horn every twenty-five seconds.

FUEL injection and disk brakes: these will be features of the motor-car of the future. Once more Le Mans has emphasized the fact. It was indeed pleasant to see in that last week of June the acclamations of the British press for the Jaguar and Lotus successes. My only complaint was that far too little technical information was given. It is not only the expert but also the ordinary motorist who would have liked to have known more about why the Ferraris and Maseratis failed so soon, and more about any special features of the successful British cars. Undoubtedly Aston Martin suffered the most serious bad luck of all the entrants, for the Tony Brooks car had shown that its performance capabilities were such as to have given it every chance of being in the first half dozen.

The future of Le Mans seems now in more doubt than it was after the terrible accident of two years ago. For some inexplicable reason there did appear to be a slight diminution in spectator interest on the track; or could it be that those who reported that diminution were reacting to the effects of familiarity? Most of them were people who had attended Le Mans a great many times.

It was an admirable idea to set up a Golden Jubilee Memorial at the Brooklands track, and it was appropriate that Lord Brabazon should be asked to unveil it. I write before the event, but the cars down for appearance at Brooklands for the unveiling ceremony include some of the most famous: the Napier-Railton with Chitty Bang Bang 2, various Bentleys, the 1912 Lorraine-Dietrich, as well as representatives of Delage, Itala, Vauxhall, Alvis and Maserati. Parry Thomas's Leyland Eight is to be there.

The new estate car introduced by Hillman the other day has Minx type styling with four doors and a full-width tail gate at the rear. The engine is the Hillman overhead valve unit used in the Minx. This is of 1,390 c.c. capacity and it develops 51 brake horse power at 4,600 r.p.m. The price of the new Hillman estate car, including purchase tax, is £938 17s.

—*Oliver Stewart*

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and 53 m.p.g. at a steady 40 m.p.h! (*The Motor*: 9.1.57)

* Price £769.7.0 (including purchase tax).



DINING IN

Bonne femme inspired



THERESE, the charming young Frenchwoman of whom I have already written in these notes, now lives in the north-east of France, very near the Belgian frontier. I have just spent a few days with her on what may well be called a "busman's holiday." How I enjoyed watching her cook!

She is an excellent cook and has built herself a wonderful kitchen. For the most part, it is white—walls, very high ceiling and doors—with the floors covered with very large composition squares, mainly white with black marble markings. Her "swish" American cooker, complete with an electric revolving spit, electrically lit ovens (including the one in which the spit is housed) with clear glass doors, and a grill large enough to cook half a dozen T-bone steaks at the one time, is set in a recess of gleaming turquoise tiles.

She has a double sink of stainless steel and various floor and wall units, designed by herself. These are of wood, the former topped with marble alternating with what appeared to be black glass but which was, in fact, a laminated material. The pull-out, tipping-forward bread bin was deep enough to take the long French loaves. Leading off the kitchen is a delightful little laundry. . . .

WHILE tomatoes are cheap and, let us hope, a little larger than we usually get them, do try Therese's recipe for Tomates Farcis. For four, we had eight very large tomatoes. For the meat, you require equal quantities of very finely minced veal and pork (1½ to 1½ lb. in all).

Prepare the tomatoes by cutting out the stems with the point of a sharp knife. Next, cut a thin slice off the stem end of each and set the little rings aside. With a sharp spoon or, better still, a grapefruit cutter, remove and reserve the centre cores and seeds. Sprinkle a little salt inside the tomato shells, then upend them and leave them to drain.

Sprinkle 1 to 1½ tablespoons of flour into a suitable dish. Place the meat on it and make a dimple in the centre. Mince and mix together a clove of garlic, 2 to 3 shallots, a flat teaspoon of thyme (free of stalk), a tablespoon of parsley and a small piece of bay leaf. (If you have one of those parsley-chopping gadgets, churn all these through it.) Add a whole egg to the herbs and turn the lot into the "dimple" in the meat. Work all well together until the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated. (If you have an electric mixer, all this is much easier.)

Fill the tomato shells to overflowing with the mixture and place them in a buttered oven-dish. Pop on the little rings and put a tiny dab of butter in each hole.

Rub the tomato removed from the shells through a coarse sieve to catch the seeds and cores. Add a little butter, a chopped onion or shallot, a sprinkling of thyme and, if you like, a finely chopped clove of garlic and make a sauce of the mixture. When it takes on that creamy appearance which is unmistakable, it is ready. Spoon it around the tomatoes in the oven-dish and bake them for about 45 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 to 400 deg. F. or mark 5 to 6). Serve potato purée with this delicious dish.

Here is a quick, creamy "unusual" sauce to serve with strawberries, raspberries, sliced peaches or bananas. For four servings, get two to three packets of Gervais or Petit Suisse cheese. Stir them with a fork, then slowly mix in as much milk as the cheese will take—and it will take a surprising amount. Pass with the fruit, first sweetened by sprinkling it with sugar several hours before it is required, taking the precaution to coat the sliced peaches or bananas with a little lemon juice.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

One hundred and one nights

WE are now approaching the end of our Restaurant Roundabout, which, with a few more establishments I hope to add next week, will have given a brief description of one hundred and one establishments where we have wine and dined during the past twelve months at prices ranging from ten shillings to five pounds per head.

It is inevitable that on occasions you will be disappointed. The worst meal we had in 1956 was at a restaurant where we usually have the best, so if you want to make sure, once again the advice is take a little trouble in advance over such things as the reservation of your table and choice of food and wines. "C.S." means closed Sundays.

BROWN'S HOTEL, Dover Street, W.1. Hyde Park 6020. Still retains an atmosphere of great elegance. French and English cuisine and grills; comprehensive wine list. Specialize in private parties.

DE VERE HOTEL, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Knightsbridge 0051. Which Robert Lush has turned into a de luxe hotel with exceptional cuisine; the table d'hôte luncheon at 12s. 6d. and dinner at 14s. 6d. are first-class value. Beautiful view over the Broad Walk.

EMBERSON'S WINE LODGE, 93 Pelham Street, S.W.7. Kensington 7841. A fine oak-panelled bar, sherries and whisky from the cask, five or six wines by the glass. First-class cold buffet: salmon, lobster, ham, beef, chicken pie, oysters in season, all of the highest quality. Soup and potatoes baked in their jackets in the winter. Closed Saturday evenings and Sundays.

LA RESERVE, 37 Gerrard Street, W.1. Gerrard 5556. Allow plenty of time and money here because they specialize in the classic French dishes cooked only to your order. Some fine wines. C.S.

MARTINEZ, 25 Swallow Street, W.1. Regent 5066. Concentrate on their excellent Spanish food, Spanish wines, and enjoy it in a Spanish atmosphere.

OVERTON'S RESTAURANT, 5 St. James's, S.W.1. Trafalgar 3774. Smart and charming restaurant with first-class cuisine. Celebrating its second anniversary of successfully gatecrashing the West End from Victoria where the original—

OVERTON'S RESTAURANT, 5 Victoria Buildings, S.W.1, Victoria 3774, is still going strong. It has a first-class oyster bar with a restaurant upstairs, specializing in sea foods, grills and anything else you might require.

—I. Bickerstaff



TIBOR KUNSTLER, born in Budapest, has played his violin in many great European cities. He spent the war as a prisoner in Java, after which he led the famous Raffles Hotel Orchestra in Singapore; later he came to England and adopted British nationality. His repertoire is large, but Zigeuner music still remains his first love

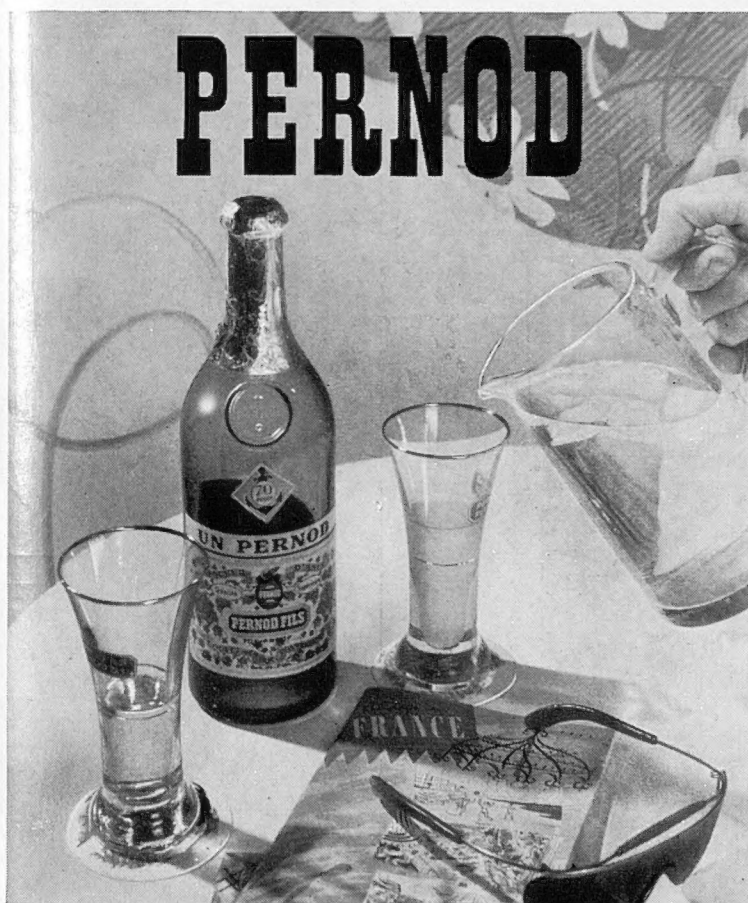


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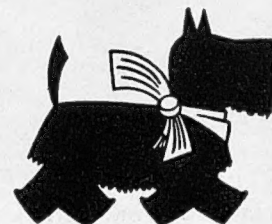
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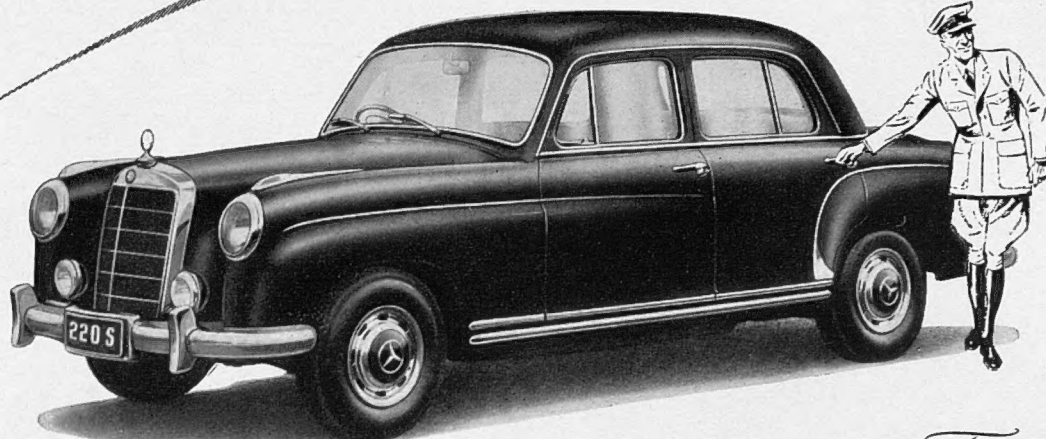


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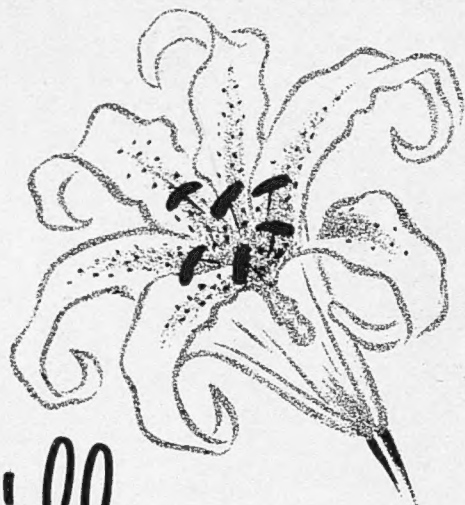


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